

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY DIES OF THE ASSASSIN'S BULLET--VICE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SUCCEEDS HIM

Week's Struggle Closes With Death.

"Good Bye All" Are the President's Last Words.

Harrowing Scenes When Mrs. McKinley Saw Her Beloved Dead—Her Collapse.

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 14.—President McKinley died at 2:15 a. m. He had been unconscious since 7:50 p. m. His last conscious hour on earth was spent with his wife, to whom he devoted a lifetime of care. He died unattended by a minister of the Gospel, but his last words were a humble submission to the will of the God in whom he believed. He was repelled to the cruel fate to which an assassin's bullet had condemned him and faced death in the same spirit of calmness which has marked his long and honorable career. His last conscious words, reduced to writing by Dr. Mann, who stood at his bedside when they were uttered, were:

"GOOD-BY ALL."

"Good-by, all; good-by. It is God's way. His will be done."

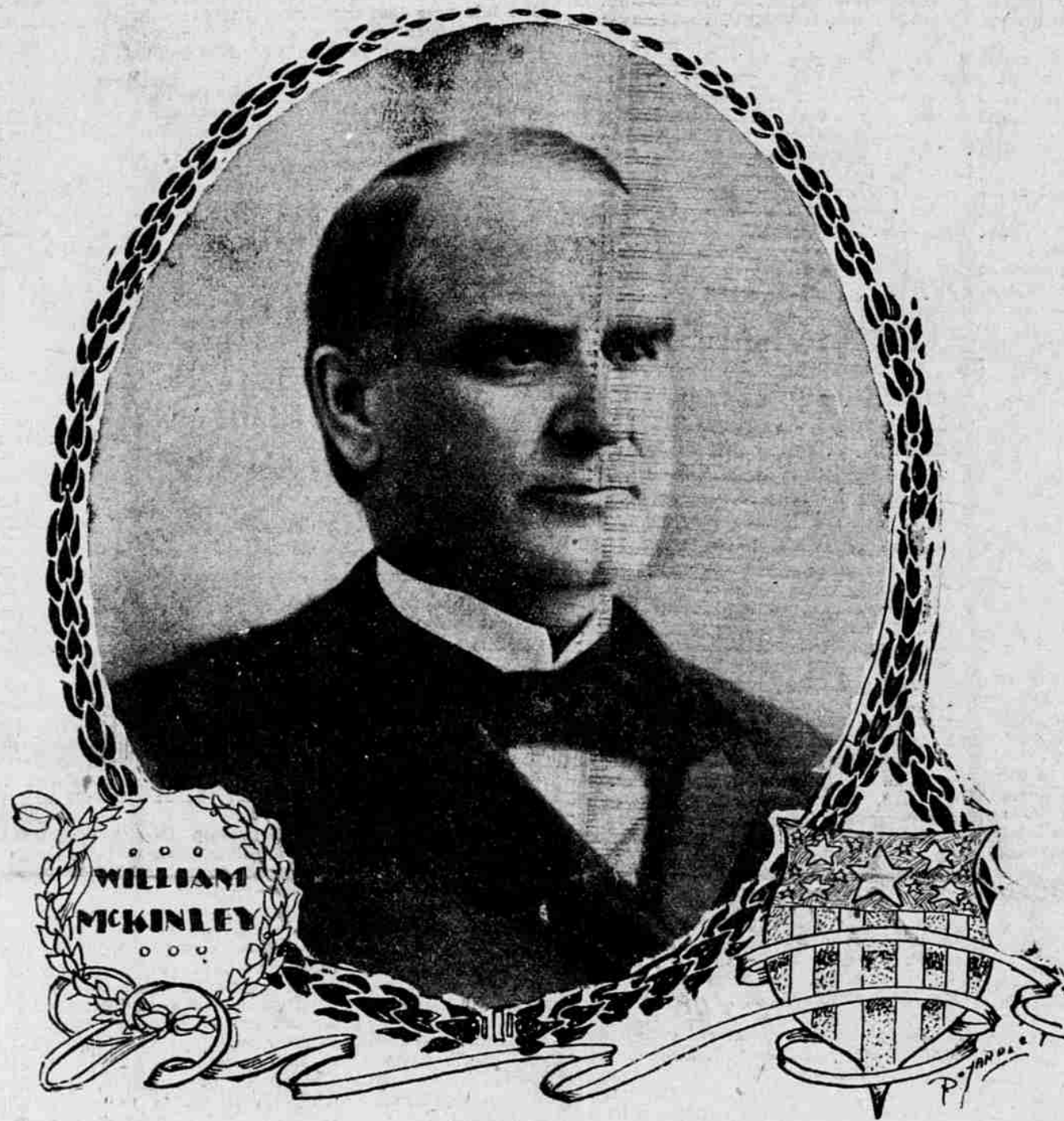
His relatives and the members of his official family were at the Milburn house, except Secretary Wilson, who did not avail himself of the opportunity, and some of his personal and political friends took leave of him. This painful ceremony was simple. His friends came to the door of the sick room, took a longing glance at him and turned tearfully away. He was practically unconscious during this time. But the powerful heart stimulants, including

oxygen, were employed to restore him to consciousness for the final parting with his wife. He asked for her and she sat at his side and held his hand. He consoled her and bade her good-by. She went through the heart-rending scene with the same bravery and fortitude with which she has borne the grief of the tragedy which ended his life.

TO DECIDE CAUSE.

The immediate cause of the President's death is undetermined. His physicians disagree, and it will probably require an autopsy to fix the exact cause.

The President's remains will be taken to Washington and there will be a state funeral.



SAD SCENES IN DEATH CHAMBER

MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, Sept. 14.—From authoritative officials the following details of the final scenes in and about the death chamber were secured:

The President had continued in an unconscious state since 8:30 p. m. Dr. Rixey remained with him at all times and until death came. The other doctors were in the room at times and they repaired to the front room, where the consultation had been held. About 2 o'clock Dr. Rixey noticed unmistakable signs of dissolution and the members of the family were summoned to the bedside. Mrs. McKinley was asleep and it was desirable not to awaken her for the last moments of anguish.

STAND BY BEDSIDE.

Silently and sadly the members of the family stole into the room. They stood about the foot and sides of the bed where the great man's life was ebbing away. Those in the circle were: Abner McKinley, the President's brother; Mrs. Abner McKinley, Miss Helen, the President's sister; Mrs. Sarah Duncan, another sister; Miss Mary Barber, a niece; Miss Sarah Duncan, Lieutenant J. F. McKinley, a nephew; William M. Duncan, a nephew; Charles Dawes, the Comptroller of the Currency; F. M. Osborne, a cousin; Colonel Webb C. Hayes, John A. Barber, a nephew; Secretary George B. Cortelyou; Colonel W. C. Brown, the business partner of Abner McKinley; Dr. P. M. Rixey, the family physician, and six nurses and attendants.

In an adjoining room sat the physicians, including Drs. McBurney, Washin, Park, Stockton and Mynter.

DEATH IS ANNOUNCED.

It was now 2:05 o'clock and the minutes were slipping away. Only the sobs of those in the circle about the President's bedside broke the awelike silence.

Five minutes passed, then six, seven, eight—

Now Dr. Rixey bent forward and then one of his hands was raised as if in warning. The fluttering heart was just going to rest. A moment more and Dr. Rixey straightened up and with choking voice said:

"The President is dead."

Secretary Cortelyou was the first to turn from the stricken circle. He stepped from the chamber to the outer hall and then down the stairway to the large room where the members of the Cabinet, Senators and distinguished officials were assembled. As his tense white face appeared at the doorway a hush fell upon the assemblage.

"Gentlemen, the President has passed away," he said. For a moment not a word came in reply. Even though the

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Roosevelt Takes the Oath of Office.

Was in the Forest When the News Reached Him.

He Pledges Himself to Carry Out the Policy of the Late President.

ALBANY (N. Y.), Sept. 14.—When Theodore Roosevelt and his guides left Tahawaus Club early yesterday morning on a hunting expedition, the Vice-President fully believed that President McKinley was entirely out of danger and on the rapid road to recovery. The hunting party moved in the direction of Mount Marcy, the highest peak in the Adirondacks region.

They had not been gone over three hours when a mounted courier rode rapidly into Tahawaus Club with messages to the vice president, stating that President McKinley was in a critical condition. The message had been telegraphed to North Creek and from there telephoned to a point ten miles south of Tahawaus. Extra guides and runners were at once deployed from the club in the direction of Mount Marcy, with instructions to sound a general alarm in order to find the vice president as soon as possible.

The far-reaching megaphones and the rifle-cracking signals of the mountain-climbing guides, as hour after hour passed away, marked the passage of the searching mountaineers, as they climbed the steep ridges of Mount Marcy. Just as the afternoon merged with the shadows of early evening and as the searchers were nearing the summit of the lofty mountain, the responsive echoes of distant signals were heard and answered, and the scouts and the Roosevelt party came within hearing distance of each other.

When Colonel Roosevelt was reached and informed of the critical condition

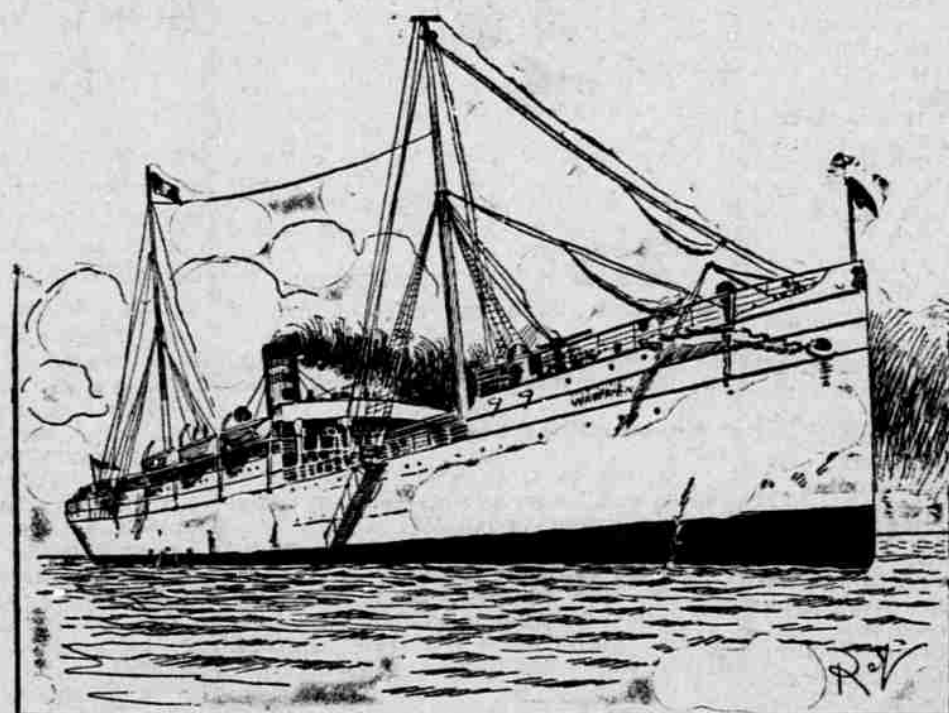
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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

"E venni dal martirio a questa pace."

These words the Poet heard in Paradise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying here,
In the true faith was living in that sphere,
Where the Celestial Cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart the skies;
And, set thereon, like jewels crystal clear,
The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear,
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled eyes.
Ah me! how dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation: and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense—
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"

U. S. T. WARREN.



The Vessel That Brought the Sad News to Hawaii.